

¶ A ballat intituled Northumberland newes /

VVherin you maye see what Rebelles do vse.

¶ Come tombinge downe come tombinge downe.

That will not yet be trewe to the Crowne.



¶ O Northcountry nobies whyle be ye so bragge
To rise and raise honoz to Romish renowme
You know þ at Tiborne there standeth a Hagge
For such as will never be trew to the crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

What meane ye to followe the man in the Moone,
With battz bowes and arrowes and billes verye browne.
His shyninge with shame wilbe shadowed so soone,
It will greeue him that ever he troubled the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

Thoughe Poperie wrought a greate while a goe,
That Percie prouoked Kinge Harry to frowne.
Yet who wolde haue thought there were any moe,
That wold not yet be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

Our Queene is the daughter of Henry theight,
Who brought every Alter and Imagrie downe,
He leste her and taught her a remedie streight,
For anye that wold not be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

And though you do greeete her like Traytors with treason
To whom you owe honour with cappe and knee downe.
I am surt that saint Peter will saye it is treason,
To rule ye that will not be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

And though you do saye ther is matter amis,
Whiche you wold redresse by noble Renowme.
What any waye worse then Rebellion is,
Of any that will not be true to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

What strangers can be, more straunger then ye,
That gather together bothe easter and cloone.
And studie to sturre to seeke and to see,
Whiche wate to deuise to trouble the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

Say Iohn Sborne your mozoine Massle Priest,
Saythe to Lobbe looke aboute will ye knele downe?
We will haue a Massle before Jesus Chist,
And that is the wate to trouble the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

The knyghtes to they knaues saye sticke and be stowt,
Our banners and staues shall bringe vs Renowme.
We haue Nobles and others that be as deuowt,
To helpe vs at this time to trouble the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

The Rebelles come slinginge but what cometh after,
A songe worthe the slinginge hey downe a downe downe.
A Tybōne Cyprett a coope o; a halter,
For anye that will not be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

For though ye spoile Churches and burne vp the Bible,
And worshippe gait Crosses in euery towne.
Your Idolles you asses are never possiblē,
To saue ye that will not be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

And though ye do carie the banner of force,
And Jolie rounde Robyn vndet your gowne.
You know that saint George hath a prauisnge horse,
Canne make ente Rebell to stoope to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

The Westmerland Bull must come to the stake,
The Lyon will roze still till he be downe.
Northumberland then will tremble and quake,
For woe that he was so false to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

And Catholiques old that hold with the Pope,
And carie dead Images vppre and downe.
To take beter holde they shall haue a Roope,
To teache them once to be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

Let every Priest that sayethe anye Massle,
Either chuse to take the Crucifixe downe.
Or hange as highe as the Crucifixe was,
Except he will be trew to the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

For God is a God of Ielosie suche,
He lokes to haue his holye Renowme.
Or elles he will misyke verye muche,
To gyue anye one his excellente Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

God prosper the Quene as I truste that he shall,
And graunt of his mercie with blessed Renowme.
The Norþe, and West, countrie, the sowth, east, and all,
The people of Englannde maye cleue to the Crowne.
Come tombinge.

And I wilhe that Good Preachers & other trewe teachers,
Wolde visithe the bynearde whose branches be downe.
That all the Norþe Countrie yet nisseld in Poperie,
Might knowe theyn dertie to God and the Crowne.
Come tombinge. sc.

Finis quoth. W. E.

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